

GOD  
IN  
THE  
RADIO

*manic love poems*

chapbook zine by tazza moon  
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“a crush is a curse.” – Haley Diaz

“poetry is just word nudes ? right ?” – Devin Lee

“I am two fooles, I know,  
For loving, and for saying so  
In whining Poëtry;” – John Donne

## The Return of the Pinewood Pangolin

*Here comes your man,*

rolling into Georgia in the rain, misty oak trees fall to their knees  
draping their damp silver moss at my feet, my tinsel toes,  
welcoming me.

Wet leaves and soft mud mold themselves into and around me,  
press into every opening in shoes and socks and jeans,  
and my body bleeds like an onrushing sigh.  
One last grounding in the red clay full of teeth  
before I fly and I'm attempting to braid  
everything together again  
into a knit tapestry of a thesis statement,  
a promise to myself and the gods,  
a spiral staircase to  
I'm not sure where.

I'm trying to take what I started unconsciously and embarrassedly and do it on purpose:

trying to dig and sculpt with intent and care,  
like Rodin carving out eyes of defiance or despair,  
like Rilke making new prayers from thin air.

And it's not just you but here that takes me to there, sweet syrup nostalgia that hangs in the fog over the city so goth;  
sweat and cry enough into blood-soaked American land and the magic happens without permission,  
the soul calling to spirits,  
electricity and humidity,  
escaping the earth.  
Setting me free.

## the Year of the Fool

New Year's Eve alone and dancing by the fire I went to pull a card and  
the Fool jumped out and  
landed on my feet

Well Okay! I said  
but I had just met you—  
I had no fucking clue—  
I proved it a lie  
and tried to stay rational  
and still through April  
against my own grain and  
the stormy winds of love  
and the will of god who laughed at my obstinance  
and then mocked me into August with the radio—  
John Waite, you've got to be kidding me—  
a different kind of Fool,  
not brave but stubborn and  
closing my eyes until I couldn't  
anymore.

Lightning strikes on the bridge  
and Mary Chapin Carpenter  
wanting to tell you all about my day  
wanting to fold into you on the beach

so here I am again  
grasping in the dark and suddenly finding  
words, so many words,  
pages and pages of handwritten hopes pulled from some part of me I rarely tend or visit.

and I'm actually thinking of addressing them to you!  
sending them into the sea of silence in hopes  
of  
What, exactly?  
I don't know

and  
didn't I just say?

Yes  
And

nothing would ever happen  
if nobody ever  
leaped

so I'm finding my frog legs,  
the ten of cups says  
try.

I'm standing on the cliff  
asking where we could possibly meet

hoping I'm not too little  
praying I'm not too late

your little Fool—  
I wish I had asked you  
to wait.

∥

**But you know what? I'm coming back for you, baby! *I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU!***

if you were launched suddenly into space without being told  
about space about gravity about aeronautics about the  
tides' mysterious connections to animals and sex  
our consciousness our bodies if you were just  
flung there  
you might think  
these are some ugly gray rocks,  
reminiscent of cement.  
my body feels heavy  
and unpleasant.  
the air smells burnt  
like a warning.  
without time and knowledge  
some events just fail to present  
even when they are  
maybe-miracles... men in tin cans  
powered by towering stacks of  
code, numbers and letters in ancient  
signifying arrangements, alchemy of ideas  
and human dreams. it all needs.

## stop! fin the name of love

"You are what you love, not what loves you." -Donald Kaufman, *Adaptation*

i am a rock until i'm in love,  
until the songs aren't just beautiful  
but personal  
and universal:  
god is love is  
the supremes is  
the blues is  
marvin gaye  
is carole king  
is rino gaetano  
is green day is  
john waite is  
obviously  
carly rae and  
right now  
they're all making me think  
of you  
*(now that i found  
you!)*  
and i'm so happy i could  
sing  
actually i can't stop  
actually i'm overflowing  
with tears and words and songs and joy  
and so much dancing  
and so what if i am too late?

you're the rock  
my river is flowing into  
and around  
helplessly  
and you've redirected me,  
and maybe you won't move,  
maybe this is  
a moment,  
but god is change is lasting  
and persisting and remembering and  
leaving a mark subtle but deep,  
like mineral deposits coloring  
the fossil shark teeth i'm always  
digging for;  
millions of years old,  
older than trees,  
still sharp,  
still telling stories.

i am befriending a tree in the park,  
because we walked by it together that day  
and i needed a friend who

understood  
when i couldn't shut up about you;  
the pine overstood, but i told the ocean too.  
she had less to give but she's a great listener,  
and she does know you,  
and there's something to be said for crying into the source,  
temperance, transmutation, transcending  
time by  
returning it  
to the tides.

did you know sharks show affection?  
they befriend divers who dare to remove their hooks—to reach past death for love—  
and then those big scary fish come in for hugs.  
i wonder how else sharks love?  
do you think it's something like me  
slow and prickly but devoted  
with lots of loyal teeth?  
what would the shark supremes sing?  
come sea about me,  
i'll write you so many more bad jokes  
in bad poems  
i can't stop!  
it took so long for the dam to break but  
damn,  
i am broken open:  
i am finally recognizing  
what i've been working toward;  
i am so happy just to exist in a world  
with you;  
i am  
one half of a perfect sustained dial tone  
humming halcyon heavenly heartache  
through this long distance line tonight;  
i am the tiniest tooth plucked from the sands of obscurity by pure feeling;  
i am an ant on the beach in the face of god and love and you and all of us together which are all one thing,  
looking in the mirror and loving myself more  
for knowing that i love  
you and i told you.  
i left a mark that's true.



## the state bird of utah is the sea gull

my love reaches out in many directions like the  
arms of a joshua tree across state lines and oceans and  
potential timelines,  
and i think that's okay, i think it has to be that way—  
i think my pining needs stretching across several  
strong shoulders at once, it wants—  
or i'd swallow up the futile photographs with the  
fire of my gaze, of my recollection, of my liquid helpless longing—  
i trade days. sometimes i want to feel gutted like a catfish on the tailend of a pickup truck,  
sometimes i want to write poetry,  
and sometimes i want to stick my tongue out  
for the faint taste of salt hope on the harsh wind, carried such a long way it feels impossible.

maybe arsenic.

maybe an answer.

*into the woods*

the dogs on my street snarl like  
fairy tale wolves in the dark wintry  
forests of my childhood dreams.  
i sit up lonely, shivering, telling myself  
they're just animals, probably  
scared, poor things!

as a babe in the florida sun the snowy woods of  
fairy tale europe seemed as unreal as the  
miracles,  
the spells, the curses and trickster fairy queens. but i'm a person now and i know  
it's all real, every last thing. even me.

i put a curse on myself once, made a frightening wolf out of my soft animal.  
it's taken years to start to break it, sometimes spotting my true face flickering  
in the shards of icy glass, unable to pull them into warm reality.

trapped in a bad dream, a candle's gleam.  
my grim gerda,  
do you ever remember me?

i like to think i've learned but i would  
give away my names for the right sweet at the right time,  
at the end of a hard day, for a hug.  
i could, in the right instance, wrap myself in the still-  
bleeding pelts of other creatures and not even think of  
the sacrifice. i'm a foolish little boy in the woods,  
and frightened, and cold, and bold  
in all the wrong ways.  
willing to walk over thin ice for an illusion,  
for eyelashes tipped in frost,  
for a castle that never gets closer.  
i am traveling deep into the sparkling unknown, the mystery,  
where silence sits in heavy drifts and your  
breathing is harsh and echoing  
in the thin empty air.  
i am asking the snow queen for her favor—  
yes, i dare!  
i will carve out my heart,  
my memories, the songs,  
everything i've ever known of love,  
my needs, my wants, my dread,  
cup my cold hands open to the hungry  
dogs who pull her sled.

you have to keep the miracle fed.

equinox/jesus year

you ate the offering and now  
you exist in the in-between—  
the braided streams flowing,  
threaded vines growing,  
skyward, always.  
a goldfinch in the morning following  
a sleepless night wondering, then  
receiving an answer—  
finish what you started, you sweet  
springtime child!  
the king of coins shook  
you out of winter's freeze,  
the desolation. across the ocean  
the snow around your silver  
sally ride has thawed and refrozen probably  
thirty times. meanwhile her warm red birds  
and gentle gesturing blossomed branches  
melted your iced-over heart. from helpless to queen of the dead.  
it all comes roaring back again.  
return is imminent,  
the seeds you planted  
are leaping to life like a little ram—  
eager and alive and a  
little angry for the sake of  
the small things, for the sake of  
it all. don't you dare dream small.  
keep your eyes on the gleaming fish,  
the golden spiral, the essential all.

*(high flying adored)*

i am dancing on air or else  
wrongfooted, and feeling  
foolish. i am taking big  
risks and  
oh so scared  
when i stop to think  
which is always and somehow  
not often.  
i am manic, yes,  
okay,  
i get it,  
and!  
god is there,  
when i put my hand out the car window,  
spread my fingers open wide alive for a five,  
every time.

i don't understand!  
i don't!  
understand.  
i will never understand!  
i just keep going and going  
and it will work out  
or it won't,  
no matter what i planned  
so i may as well  
yeah?!  
may as well open my big fool mouth  
may as well book the big fool flight  
may as well  
may as

the alternative was maybe worse  
i broke a curse  
we're still in hell but my mind is somewhere higher. frequent flyer.  
of fancy or some powerful truth! broken tooth prophet,  
broken body just needs  
to keep me  
a bit longer,  
i just want to hear the  
rest of this song,  
this gorgeous tune,  
on every station and  
carried by every bird

i might wish for a warm form to ground me  
i might keep throwing out my hands  
in hopes that someone will catch them firmly  
but  
i don't need anyone. i have everyone.  
i am everyone. i am

never alone:

just me and god we're good  
just me and god, it's good  
just me and god we're doing good it's going to be good please god  
promise me

please.  
god.  
i don't know what i need  
i don't know what i'm doing

i just know you  
and it's still a new  
knowing—wish you'd tell me  
where we're going—wish you'd  
do  
something

but i will take  
this sunshine  
strong  
love  
god  
thanks  
god

i guess,  
god.

oh god  
what am i doing  
oh god  
what will i have ever done

## the gambler

i'm being clear as i can but  
some of you will be surprised

there's no avoiding it.  
i've tried and tried.

destiny is a road that starts wherever you  
place your feet immediately upon getting out of bed.

i was asleep for years  
buried under fears  
but here we are  
now and i'm fashioning them into  
camping gear.

last night in my dreams i ate a turtle,  
a tiny little thing, red belly slider,  
shell and all, alive,  
and felt the sickening crunch.

i played fetch with a crocodile,  
let my hands trail near those glimmering  
teeth. swimming in the same water.

he returned over and over  
with that piece of tree.

i am devouring the concept of home,  
of comfort—  
which was always only what we made it—  
a light lunch for the road.

i am playing with Death now,  
though he cheats, and bites.

i think he likes me.  
i think we'll get it right.

## near death

i saw a lizard today with a tail just barely too short,  
so you knew it was younger than the rest of them.

“now there you go,”

i said,

“you’ve clearly been living.

what’s it like to keep scurrying free

when something has already tasted your blood?”

they didn’t tell me,

just twitched,

moved along.

--

i forget all the times that i’ve almost died;

mostly accidents, young enough

to make me permanently nervous,

but later i started making a game of hopscotch

on the cliff’s edge when things got too serious,

or maybe not serious enough.

nowadays i’m often overcareful,

or sometimes—

everything is more and less.

i feel myself finally a floating carrot in the endless cauldron of  
universal soup

and ready to be a celery cube, or a leek,

and yet,

every detail of this reality becomes

ecstatic crystalline beauty

i want

to study and stare at

for so much longer than i’ll have.

it’s a sick joke but it’s so pretty.

it’s skinning your knee over and over so

somebody human will hold you

gently by the hand.

luck is limitless until it isn’t,

them’s the licks.

--

you don’t need chalk,

or reasons

you can make your boundaries out of

anything,

out of the very air

you can push and pull the edges of your  
life.

you just have to remember that  
it's yours now

but god remembers how it tasted—  
is coming back for more.



*plotslut*

no longer poems but  
plot, now,  
ensnares me,  
yanks me,  
pimplly and ungainly  
into the  
wide open  
slutty holes  
of a thousand  
possible  
futures.

take a chance.  
take a thousand chances.

take a rope  
and a knife  
and all your weak  
human will.  
will it work out?  
of course  
it won't.

every plot  
ends in  
the great plot  
of earth.

the future is looking  
wavery like the air  
over asphalt  
in summer—  
hot hot hot.  
why not?

even death  
isn't still.

and fire dances  
like we can  
only  
dream.

sidewalk doomsday

“your walking days are over”  
a stranger’s voice cuts through the city  
noise like a prophecy and i think about  
my new pain, my right foot,  
my future, whatever it might be.

i put my best forward but it’s not the best,  
not what anyone wants or expects,  
smelly irritable unshowered me.  
stalking through cities like i can  
wing it forever. red bull breakfast,  
overdose of caffeine, sweet messenger  
mercury, always rising,  
hermes, put wings on my feet, carry me  
through delusions to something true and  
lasting, something impactful.

i want to walk between worlds.  
i want to Walk  
forever

***i have already left the glass lip/i am suspended/falling slowly/through space/catching the sun like glitter***

everybody thinks it's a turn of phrase but  
i am knocking out my list  
before i kick it  
(yes you CAN)  
heat in my feet as i try to collect steps in  
as many new streets as i can,  
hoarding stars northern lights neon angels and street art in my  
treacherous grasping human heart  
while my parents still  
breathe and believe  
in me—  
my stretch goal,  
a day i hope never comes  
but it will, it all does,  
always. that's temporality,  
baby!  
i recently told a man i love  
that i am learning  
to trust  
divine timing  
but maybe i white lied  
trying to defuse a  
burning subtext  
by denying  
the disappearing  
timeline.  
but maybe i'll start  
to tell the truth:  
if there's anything he wants to say to me  
he's on the same tilted hourglass,  
the tiny jar of sand i placed in  
his tender hands all that remains of my future,  
drip dripping like  
the oil (pouring) from my car parked in a friend's drive,  
my drive to succeed and exist  
spilling out like love letters and the wrong words  
in toxic mercury rainbow swirls i can't yet interpret,  
like wax from candles, like  
carcinoma growths melting holes onto  
the concrete snow that blankets  
the stolen land i come from,  
rented house home birth.  
scattered glass poems and  
a pile of tiny sharp teeth  
in the beginning,  
in the end.  
the question is,  
how to resist  
the flow of  
hatred and  
sickness  
and time?

“god grant me the  
discernment to  
get better  
at chess”

i want a long life  
and i want every move to  
mean something in the  
grand scheme, the bad trip  
the old men in the park know  
(things) so much  
of violence and  
memory and  
they're not telling.  
in madrid amongst those many set table  
interactive altars for  
partners i saw a life size board  
with a young couple in the  
final moments of  
play.  
the boy chased the girl's lonesome king  
merrily  
she spoke loud for (me) the gathered crowd but  
her eyes were nailed to his,  
"i will keep fighting  
til the bitter end"  
but it was clear to see  
they were dancing.  
their smiles were  
laughing.  
they were both  
winning;  
the secret third thing.  
i was jealous.  
the man i love is an ocean away  
and maybe years behind me.  
maybe we'll have our day in the sun  
in a park,  
el retiro,  
a rest  
of our lives.  
but each day the newspapers  
lawmakers noisemakers oracles  
dare me to move  
despite sensing  
it was checkmate  
from birth.  
too poor for good genes,  
and i'm sure i'm almost out of luck.  
nobody should have this much;  
a syndrome, a sickness;  
if your cup overflows you

owe it to the world  
to pour, pour.  
the old men fold their newspapers,  
coasters for their coffee.  
a divine secret or a choice  
i can't make?  
my heart breaks  
all over the squares  
in free-verse poetry  
no plan,  
just a pinch of sand,  
and creeping despair.  
sharp teeth that  
ache.  
sharp steps  
i have to  
take.

## aw shit

i wanted to start the year off—  
don't get me wrong—  
stronger than this, i guess:  
this can't-piss stress,  
pissed-off god i guess,  
ask for a sign get a mess,  
losing your mind  
spiraling backwards  
wondering what the point of all  
that travel was  
if this is who you end up  
(and how)!  
sicker than ever.  
not even clever.  
obsessed i guess  
with diving timing,  
the rhyming of doing  
the same thing  
in different colors  
twice, twelve times,  
in cursive,  
in underline.  
cycles repeating  
feeding the beast  
starving the soul.  
trying to take new steps  
getting nowhere fast,  
nowhere at all,  
talking to a brick wall,  
cancer moonwalking  
sideways, these days,  
feeling too tender for  
the highways. feeling lost  
without a shoreline.  
and by the way, alone again.  
in love with all your friends and  
unable to prove that they exist.  
it's all in your head  
it's all in your hell  
you hold the key to reality  
in which you dwell.  
you and mommy fortuna,  
building belief from illusion, smell.  
strike a match on intuition,  
rip a fossil from the road.  
a flat circle, here again in a brand new  
bereft place, thoughts stuck on  
repeat like the songs you try to  
dance to, but nothing is real  
anymore. this is the floor.  
unfurl the busy whorls of

your sad sack salted brain.  
break the pickle jar.  
it's an  
emergency.

## *daydream*

I struggle with scenarios;  
my mind zooms in.  
pressure on my hip,  
the tender weight of your lips.  
Imagine a finger,  
a spider, a high-flyer,  
a woven sheet, a place to  
meet, the fine lines  
of my only fingerprints  
imagine your tongue:  
imagine  
getting turned on  
writing the vaguest poem.

I would accept  
any seeds you gave me;  
I am already imagining  
how I would lean forward,  
eat them from your hand  
like some kind of slutty horse,  
how I would use my tongue,  
feel in between your fingers,  
how you might blush,  
how I would make a home in the  
hazy hills of your thighs,  
your mountainous strong arms,  
for at least one third of every year,  
how we could spin our seasons,  
spin our story, spin a religion  
from sensation, from poetry,  
you and me. you and me.



## **all you can eat**

I would be your mid-range buffet:  
I would lay myself under heat lamps,  
mashed potatoes with chives, dimpled skin with  
hives, I would sweat in plain view  
like yesterday's reglazed ham.  
I would congeal,  
under you,  
like the oldest layer of  
midwestern tiramisu.  
Please, scoop up too much of me:  
take a break, let me rest in the folds  
of your soft stomach  
while you catch your salty breath,  
let me sit on your tongue like a dream  
in the moment after waking, faint.  
Let me  
offer myself,  
in all the ugliness of fluorescent lighting  
and feel what you will take.  
Let us make  
a mess, let us bloat together  
in sticky booths,  
let me stick to your ribs  
like love.

*Knives out*

I said it was a mystery—  
I said I want to fish in the mystery with you—  
okay, that part was in a poem,  
and okay, I never sent it.

I keep waiting to see if you'll meet me here  
before I let myself dissolve into misty waters,  
before I let myself admit I want more than words,  
more than this imagination,  
more than my mind.

I want your thighs, pressed against mine.  
I want your hands to wander,  
explore,  
figure out what's going on, my own Benoit Blanc.

I want to touch every part of you and see  
what makes you ask for more.  
I wasn't in my body before.  
I've spent months, moving in and  
making room.

I'm here, now.  
Holding my breath,  
waiting for you.

*riverrun*

You can never cross a river in the same place twice,  
Or is it  
It's never the same river?  
Either way  
I'll burn that bridge when I come to it

Again  
and  
again  
and  
again.

Someone I loved once told me that love was creating a shared heart.  
Sleeping next to you I imagined our veins like tributaries to the same river;  
Where would it go?

Where do our words flow,  
the energy from our boundless conversations?

I'd like to think they continued down the highway,  
Criss-crossed the river over and over;  
All the way to the sea  
And kept going over the waves  
Like flying fish  
Half-imagined  
Gossamer wings  
making themselves real out of the dreamspace  
And then vanishing again.  
Birds glide above their wavering  
Watery phantom selves.  
Two suns meet in molten glass.

God holds up a mirror  
And sometimes a friend.

What if I gave everything up again?  
What if I jumped  
into that fast-flowing river?

What if I let my heart run away with me?

As usual, Carly Rae makes a compelling case,  
And I want to say  
love is like a saxophone,  
but I haven't the faintest idea how to explain.

It just is.  
It just wails.

That other lover left my life;  
our streams diverged

and won't meet again, until the ocean,  
where it all began.

Still, their voice echoes in the even pound of my heart.

So much is lost to each sunset.

So much can't ever be outrun.

## graceland

two bold warriors  
i mean dancers of love  
i mean two poet dreamers, road advancers  
mythic heroes in ballcaps and  
worn leather gloves,  
with hot florida blood and  
sweaty thunder thighs  
on the thick humid night of  
distant dreaming,  
rainbow making.  
i do believe you feel it,  
however foolish that  
may be.  
maybe, may it be,  
so long as we can keep it  
growing and going, healthy, thriving,  
trying, laying ourselves against the wheel  
like the classics,  
but our own autistic avant garde new;  
two jaded poets with rhinestones  
on the souls  
of our hiking shoes.

i liked when you were driving,  
singing,  
even when my ears were ringing  
danger!  
too much  
too soon,  
we reached the motherfucking moon!  
as that third tiktok tarot reader said  
we've both had the loneliest time,  
isolated,  
adrift, apart.

imagine writing,  
perhaps soon?

i have only the softest eyes for you.  
please don't think  
i think you an angel;  
this human fool loves a human fool,  
in a time of heartbreaking,  
human  
foolishness.  
please, carpe noctum,  
seize the me.  
maybe we could be good to each other,  
before things get too much worse for us all.

or maybe i'm greedy,  
maybe i just want it all.  
the slice of heaven i held in your hand  
before the frustrating fall.

i foolishly forge on with the poem,  
hope you understand,  
hope we laugh about this some day  
the sheer number of poems about you in this notes app  
as the world burns,  
as this silence churns.

but what's a hopeless queer in love to do,  
but miss the one who made the end seem  
generative,  
who wanted to read poems  
forever? recklessly clever.  
a beautiful endeavor.  
a lifeline  
in the grey storm.  
baseball boy, sharp and warm.

## one truth, no spells, some lies

i told you that  
~embarrassing~ story  
partly to reassure you:  
"no more love spells!"  
the jar is just a jar, a gift, a tooth,  
some sand from the beach  
where i cried to carly rae and  
artemis and wished for  
another chance  
at a kiss, or a dance,  
one where  
my body and mind  
were together, in kind.

if i asked the wind to ask you  
to talk to me is that a spell?  
does that make me a liar?

and maybe i already am, because i  
said "no worries! take your *time*."  
but i tried to mean it, i swear.  
(conversations with empty air).

wait, no, i definitely lied,  
when i claimed to be used to  
the synchronicities,  
the way god spoke so loud  
while we traipsed around an unfamiliar town,  
falling,  
down  
down  
down.

(a pendulum's swing would go up again;  
couldn't we?)

they are so much louder around you,  
and about you. i finally admitted part of it,  
"don't know why i was trying to play cool,"  
(sure, fool)  
but left out the key—  
yes, a liar, me.  
yes, a fucking fool. always and  
especially around  
and about  
you.

you wrote "so don't create a prison!"  
and i took that  
personally—

what the hell else do i do with this key?

make a necklace.

hold it steady.

set myself free.

so i told you.

so i spilled.

and keep spilling

into poetry

and into sand

but i've stopped sharing.

i don't think you want to see.



(baby come back)

come back—  
not just you, love,  
not just god,  
not just mania,  
not just youth,  
not just purpose,  
not just motivation,  
not just innocence,  
not just—  
it's never  
    just.

when i pull the justice card i  
can't help but scoff.  
justice is a murky glass—  
different from every angle,  
a new flavor with every pour.

on a good day i think  
maybe it's answers.  
on a bad one i think  
maybe it's me, finally  
giving up the ghost,  
buying the gun.

it's all true.  
everything is.  
my feelings for you,  
my powerful intuition,  
my manic delusions,  
my iron guilt. my urge to run  
off the edge of the map,  
be swallowed by the  
saintly sea.  
like a dying man's  
plea.  
unheard, unbelieved.

all true,  
all blue,  
like a bruise,  
like the sky,  
free from clouds or auroras.  
free from stars.  
    full of eyes  
like the barrenness  
and secret seas  
of distant mars.  
    full of ice  
i want you  
and i wish  
    i deserved love.

i want god  
and i think  
    i'm making them up.

am i breaking up?  
caught in a hailstorm of my own  
self-hatred's creation.

the numbers mean nothing to  
real movers and lovers and shakers.

the poems mean everything  
to my twisting rotted heart.

i act it out again and again, stop just  
short of opening the door, letting anyone in.  
salted threshold. foe or friend.  
my left hand has no hope of  
guessing the right hand's doing.  
i have no hope of growing  
my green heart, always forgot  
water, same as it never  
was.

blink and you miss  
under the sparkling glitter  
kissing gate  
barbed wire fence  
before  
the shadow self,  
the bubbling acid cola well,  
word-constructed hell.  
o darkness, my old friend.  
i try to curl into myself, climb back in.

baby, come back.  
ring my bell  
Cerberus is big and  
loud but mostly  
harmless, just like me.  
i'm just lonely.  
just an echoing shell.

*dreamspace*

a cave;  
the colors of the devil;  
constellating the lovers,  
the six of cups.  
sconces on the wall cup flames  
shaped like my heart  
in which this is contained.

my heart contains a cave  
and pages of your writing.

a conscious decision  
to leave a chain  
unfastened  
for you to pick up  
if you choose.

the sun peeks out of the deck.  
king of cups.

your move.

[message not sent]

sorry for texting again, and so late!  
just wanted to tell you—you know how can you play tetris all day and then lay down at night and just see more blocks falling?  
i once told you (i think) i would similarly see shark teeth in the tideline below my shuffling feet when i finally shut my eyes after a long day's  
searching—well,  
tonight i am struggling  
to sleep, and stop thinking of you,  
and when i close my eyes in the darkness all i see are the birds i was telling you about earlier:  
finches and towhees and woodpeckers and titmouses... titmice?  
i love that you responded, kindly.  
i am so starved for touch,  
even a word will do.  
i think i am daring you, lately,  
trying to push you gently to tell me  
to shut up already, leave you alone,  
stop blowing up your phone  
every time i see a bird;  
so afraid you want to,  
scared you're just being nice,  
pretending not to mind  
my feelings overspilling in messy pixels and gifts and ink,  
putting so much on you.  
i hope my love is at least a comfortable sweatshirt.  
maybe not the first you reach for,  
but one that wears well, with no itchy seams.  
i hope this means something to you and not just me.  
but i'm beginning to believe  
in this dark room  
in these dark times  
that i might just be alright.  
i'm not going to bed alone.  
i have thousands of birds, alive in my sight.

anticapitalist post-nightmare prayer

last night in my dream  
i witnessed a miracle, or  
at least, magic—seized a flute  
from the sky, from thin air,  
from another  
parallel plane,  
a jetstream  
of angelic  
abundance,  
otherworldly  
instruments.

i dared to take—

not to use,  
not to transmute,  
not to play the secrets of the  
immaterial world and be  
transformed—

but to sell  
to pay my rent,  
for car repairs  
—yes, my dream self.  
—yes, in a  
dream.

(something so trite  
about a capitalism poem  
something so obvious  
in how wrong this is)

i'm so fucking tired  
of trying to get rich quick  
in the hopes of just  
catching my breath

i want magic  
for magic's own sake  
i want to watch plants grow  
and build things with my bare hands

i want to play beautiful music  
in the universal orchestra with the  
gifts that god makes—  
no mistakes

god please  
rain down  
something fair

tell these fuckers  
to let us  
live and love you,  
love and live our  
lucky little lives.

let the violence stop  
in all directions  
for all our sakes.  
i want to be  
done with  
being a  
weapon.

may no more gentle tree-hugging  
generous-hearted wise-beyond-years  
queers face a firing squad from  
a cross-legged meditative stance,  
raised hands, surrender.  
may no beings face bullets  
lockups or police vans  
bedbugs solitary  
poverty  
medical bankruptcy blues  
prolonged burnout  
suicidal spiral  
forced detransition  
neverending dying empire's newest  
postviral societal nightmare  
it just never stops  
please  
please  
please  
let us off

the earth  
never billed me  
for my birth

someone, show me the notes to play  
to free us from this  
fucking curse.

## The Trick of Life

nobody will teach me chess, it's true,  
but in the same parque en madrid,  
an old man stopped to speak to me about  
the tiny birds, showed me how  
to convince one  
to land on my hand.  
it was a dirty trick, in the end,  
pretending i had bread,  
but it worked.  
i can still feel the thrum of tiny life,  
the clenching of  
little claws, a great tit,  
a great joke.  
let me in.

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some of these poems were first shared in part or all on my instagram,  
*@taylarspoetica*  
please tag me if you end up sharing my work, I'd love to see it out in the world.

say hello: *tazza.moon@gmail.com*  
I'm also on tumblr: *tazzasoon*

dedicated to Carly Rae Jepsen &  
one poet in particular: thank you, you're (always) welcome,  
and/or sorry, whichever it needs to be.  
no hard feelings; just loud ones.

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"But you know what? I'm coming back for you, baby! I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU!"  
— Carly Rae Jepsen, "The Loneliest Time"